THE EXAMINER.

N°. 354. SUNDAY, OCT. 9, 1814.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. SWIFT.

No. 344.

THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

"A LETTER," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "from an eminent Irish character in Paris contains the following paragraphs; we trust the picture is overcharged." We may add, that there can be little doubt of it's being so. It is evidently the picture of one extreme, drawn by a masterly but incontinent hand, and with an eye much more attractable, we suspect, by the gaudier and fouler objects of notice, than the sober and more redeeming. Something of this may be guessed by the manifest pleasure taken in depicting the nauseousness which it deprecates. It may serve however as a proper set off to the other extreme, the courtly and smirking one, which some of the holiday-makers at Paris are contented enough to give us; and at a due distance perhaps between the two, a proper idea may be obtained of this singular people, who for such a length of time, under King and Emperor, under smooth tyrants and rough, have done and chattered so much, apparently to so little purpose. As the Editor, in conformity with what he said last week of his state of health, still feels it necessary to relax a little in order to preserve his new symptoms of convalescence, he must content himself at present with giving the paragraphs from the *Chronicle*, and will venture to add such remarks of his own next Sunday as may ascertain perhaps what this idea should be. He has heard the name of the writer mentioned; but perhaps, as it is withheld in the paper to which his letter was communicated, he is not at liberty to repeat it. To those indeed who know any thing of his style, the disclosure would be superfluous.

"I fear war will soon unfold her tattered banners on the Continent. This poor country is in a deplorable state—a ruined Noblesse—a famished Clergy—a state of smothered war between the upstarts and the restored—their finances most distressed—the military spirit divided—the most opposite opinions as to the lasting of the present form of things—every thing unhinged—yet I really sympathize with this worried, amiable, and perhaps contemptible people; so full of talent and vice—so frivolous, so inconstant, and prone to change—so ferocious too in their fickleness; about six revolutions within 20 years, and as fresh as ever for a new dance.

"These strange vicissitudes of man draw tears, but they also teach wisdom. I never found my mind so completely a magic lanthorn—such a rapid succession of disjointed images—the past, the present, the future possibly. One ought not to be hasty in taking up bad impressions, and I need not say that three weeks can give but little room for observation; but from what I do see and learn from others who have seen long and deeply, I have conceived the worst idea of *Social Paris*.

"Every thing on the surface is horrible; beastlinesses which with us do not exist. They actually seem, in talk and practice, to cultivate a familiarity with nastiness. In every public place they are spitting on your shoes, in your plate, almost in your mouth. Such community of secretions is scarcely to be borne; then the contrast makes it worse gaudiness more striking by filth; the splendid palace for the Ruler, the hovel and the sink for the ruled; the fine box for the despot, the pigeon holes for the people! and it strikes me with sadness that the women can be little more than the figurantes, receiving a mock reverence, merely to carry on the drama; but neither cherished nor respected. How vile the feeling and the taste that can degrade them from being the real directors and mistresses of man, to be the mere Soubrettes of society, gilded and smart, and dexterous and vicious. Even before the Revolution, manners were bad enough, but many causes since have rubbed off the gilding. The exile of the Nobles, the succession of low men to power; and more than all, the elevation of plebeian soldiers to high rank, promoting, of course, their trulls to a station where manners and morals were under their influence; and this added to the horrible example set by Bonaparte himself in his own interior. Add to this, what must have sent down the contagion to the still lower orders—the *Conscription*—the wretched men marrying without preference, merely to avoid the army, and then running into that army to escape their ill chosen partners. All these causes must have conspired to make a frightful carnage in manners and morals to. In short, I am persuaded, that a single monster has done more to demoralize and uncivilize this country than a century can repair.

"We agreed to go to the *Chambre des Deputies*. One of the Members chanced to have heard of my name, was extremely courteous; lamented that I should be a mere auditor, but should take care that I be placed according to my high worthiness. We were accordingly placed *aux premiere Tribunes*. The question was to be the Liberty of the Press, and of a previous Censorship. The Baron had some difficulty in working us forward, and said how happy he was in succeeding. I assured him I was greatly delighted by the difficulty, as it marked the just point of solicitude of the public.

"The Chamber is very handsome. The President faces the Assembly. Before him is a Tribune, which the Orator ascends, and reads his speech, with his back to the President. We waited anxiously. I thought I shared in the throb of a public heart. We observed some bustle—the seats of the interior, reserved for the Members, became crowded to excess by the Ladies, admitted I know not how.

"The order for strangers to retire was read—the Ladies would not stir—the President could find no remedy—and adjourned the House to next day. I was rather disgusted. The Baron asked me what we would have done in England? I said, we had too much respect for our Ladies to permit them to remain; he shook his head; I did not understand what he meant. But does not this prove what I said a day or two ago (for this is written by starts) to be true, "that women here have only mock respect?" If real, would they have dreamed of such a silly termagancy? Does it not mark their unfeeling

coxcombry and apathy in the public interest, and how fit they are to be the Mothers of the Gracchi? and yet women here are vain of their sway: I can imagine nothing more humiliating than such Saturnalian licentiousness.

"I, however, went next day.

"There was a previous list of the orators, *pro* and *con*; they mounted alternately, and read *written* speeches: the echo was strong—I lost much; but how can any man read his own speeches?—he may read the speech of the dead *or* absent; it is any thing but discussion: the orator sweats his face, notwithstanding the sedateness of the exertion, and when he stops to drink, which is part of the performance, the whole assembly humble their handkerchiefs, and trumpets in the most perfect time and unison, to the great animation and interest of the speech, and no doubt to the great comfort of the auditors, who must have had their secretions brimful during their attention.

"The question will not be decided, probably, in many days. The Press is surely the great Sentinel—it gives the light to see and the tongue to speak.

"They say the Russians always eat the candles before they swallow the people: I can't tell you how interested I am; I begin to doubt if man ought to be monopolized, or his taper (however dim it may be) put under the bushel of mere private confined affection.

"Some, it seems, are afraid of the sudden mischiefs that might arise among a volatile people, if restraint was removed too soon. I own it never was my notion. But I know not how far these fears may be real or feigned—such is the fate of revolutions, nothing certain but blood; the march of the captives begins through a red sea, and after forty years in seeking new abodes and strange gods, the leader seldom sees the promised land, or at least dies before his foot has touched it: what is it here at least but the succession of wretches doing the duty of the hangman, till it is the turn of each to be the victim."

WAR WITH AMERICA.

October 6, 1814.

Mr. Examiner,—I take your Paper, I respect your intentions, and your general opinions, and I therefore could not see, without regret and surprise, the article in your last, respecting the recent military operations in America.

Passing by with marked coldness the signal and well-earned success at Washington, you adduce an American statement for the purpose of proving that the British force was superior in numbers; and you proceed to infer, from the "dear-bought" victory at Chippawa, and the failure of the assault on Fort Erie, that the Americans are improving in land warfare;—finally, you term that nation, in what I cannot help calling a canting tone, "not our fellow men merely, but our kinsmen."

Up to this period, it seemed impossible for a second opinion to exist upon the military proceedings and conduct of the Americans; the gross incapacity of their Government; the contemptible drivelling ignorance, the egotistical boasting, without a vestige of military talent on the part of their generals; and on that of their troops, a large deficiency of spirit, a total absence of zeal and discipline, and of all that constitutes an efficient force, seemed on all hands to have been admitted.—To their want of habitude as a military people, a portion of their deficiency is doubtless attributable; and had they appeared in the field as defenders of their country or its rights, as in their Revolution War, every allowance would have been made for them; but when a nation destitute of every military quality, comes forth for conquest, and with arrogance and treachery unparalleled, proclaims its intention, and vaunts its ability, to seize the (*then*) weakly protected provinces of the country of its progenitors, what but contempt can attend its failure? What but unqualified satisfaction can be felt by an Englishman at seeing that nation severely humb'ed?

In regard to the numbers on either side at Washington; the Americans have nowhere stated their's below five thousand—they were probably at least six or seven thousand, with choice of position, perfect knowledge of country, proximity to all supplies, and without having undergone any great immediately previous fatigue. In General Ross's Dispatch, which it must be believed specifies all the corps *engaged*, we find the 85th light regiment, and some light companies, stated as Colonel Thornton's brigade, and the 4th and 44th regiments of foot as composing a brigade under Colonel Brooke. I believe the 21st regiment also formed a part of the division which had sailed from the Peninsula with General Ross, to which may be added the battalion of marines which had been acting under Admiral Cockburn, and some seamen, but these latter corps had *not*, as is shewn by the Admiral's Dispatch, arrived in time to take a part in the action. The regiments above named, coming from Spain, if taken at 700 each, are probably over-rated; I cannot therefore comprehend how by possibility General Ross could have had more than *two thousand five hundred* at Bladensburg, or how *four thousand* of all descriptions could have been landed.

The other operations of which you make mention, as exhibiting an improvement in the American army, the battle at Chippawa, and the attack on Fort Erie, were both night affairs, and every man knows that night is a wonderful equalizer. The inferior in military qualities cannot see or estimate its danger, until it is so close, that it is not more hazardous to fight than to run. The superior side, which in the night can benefit little by tactic or movement, is as subject to the disasters and the confusion attendant on them, which peculiarly attach to night attacks, as the adversary, and can derive little or no advantage from the very qualities which constitute its superiority. The Americans however were well beaten at Chippawa, notwithstanding the disjointed state in which General Drummond's force came into action, and in spite of General Brown's vapouring, their rapid retreat evinced their inability or their disinclination to renew the contest. Fort Erie *was* carried, that is to say, the assailants drove the assailed from the works, though the critical springing of a mine deprived them of final success.

From this view of the subject, I am not yet prepared to coincide in the opinion, that the Americans are improving in land war; I cannot allow any weight to night actions upon a question of comparative military efficiency. I wish to see them meet in broad day, by two-thirds of their number, and shall be content to abide by the result.

I cannot conclude without observing that your very fraternal appellation of kinsmen, as applied to the Americans, cannot I conceive be quite palatable to Englishmen. In that country as in all others, many estimable men exist, and some of the Northern States bear a semblance to the country from which they sprung; but as a nation, it is difficult to find a greater contrast in magnanimity, liberality, and honourable feeling, in sentiments, habits, and manners, than the Americans present to the country of

their ancestors; to which indeed they have long disclaimed any connexion of "kin," and have proved to the extent of their power, its most treacherous, rancorous, parricidal enemies. That we may seize this opportunity of convincing them that these remarks are well founded, is the ardent wish and hope of, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN ENGLISHMAN.

BETTER NOW MAKE PEACE WITH AMERICA.

MR. EXAMINER,—Now that the roaring of congratulatory artillery, the publication of Gazettes Extraordinary, with their long lists of killed, wounded, and missing, and what is the usual though rather unpleasant accompaniment of such doings, the announcement of a call for *more money*, have excited some attention in the war loving people of England, perhaps a few observations upon the policy of making peace immediately with the Republicans, may stand some chance of being perused; and though I utterly despair of convincing the many, that battering, burning, destroying, imprisoning, wounding, killing, shouting, illuminating, and thanksgiving, are not desirable things, yet possibly I may prevail on a few odd people to agree with me in opinion, that even those high enjoyments may be purchased at a price beyond their real worth.

Unless a peace be shortly concluded with the United States, the war will most likely continue for several years, and it certainly must then terminate injuriously to both the belligerents, though perhaps in different degrees of ill. For the sake of argument, I will suppose that the British arms are triumphant after a long conflict—that the Americans are beaten into our own terms, and that we obtain all we have been fighting for. This is a result which, I suppose, will satisfy the most sanguine, which will even content, if any *peace* can content, the gentlemen of the *Times* and the *Courier*.—Well; the Republicans are humbled; we have silenced their claims for a time, we have crippled their trade, devastated their cities, and even added to our Canadian frontiers a large slice from the Republican territory.—More than this, I should imagine, could hardly enter into the waking imaginations of any set of men who are allowed to walk without restraint.—Having done this, and having, as is customary, duly rejoiced and been exceeding glad, let us inquire a little into the advantages resulting from all this prodigious success.—Inasmuch as we have impoverished the Americans, in so much have we evidently lessened the possibility of their being good customers to us. Poor nations have no money for foreign luxuries. In this respect, then, we too should be sufferers by the contest. Inasmuch as we have humbled them, we have increased their animosity to us and their desire to ally themselves with and to benefit our enemies rather than ourselves. Here again we shall be sufferers by the contest: and inasmuch as we have dragged from them by force a portion of their territory, enough to vex though not enough to weaken them, in so much have we lessened the chance of a durable peace, by giving them a popular cause for war, as soon as their renewed strength may enable them to wage one. This, then, can hardly be looked upon as a good.—But in obtaining all these ends, what has been the immediate cost to Great Britain? Why, not to mention the blood shed, and the cripples made—not to dwell on the tears of the widows and the fatherless, and of those who have none to help them—matters too trifling for the notice of calculating politicians—not, I say, to insist on any such commonplaces, the expense of this most successful war will certainly amount to many millions of money, the procuring which will have added greatly to the national burthens. To set off against these lost millions and increased taxes, we shall have some leagues of wild territory along the American lakes, which will not bring in to the national treasury a sixpence, but rather add to the general expenditure: and *this* then, in plain truth, is all which *a successful war* will have reaped, except indeed the *glory* of it; and for these leagues and this glory shall we have caused infinite misery and expended many millions.

Now, Sir, I ask any reasonable person, whether it would not be better to conclude a peace with the Americans, even though the maritime questions should slumber, and the demand of territory be relinquished? The dispute about the seamen and neutral ships is in effect at an end with the European war; and even should we compel the Americans, in their distress, to give up what they deem their naval rights, what possible advantage can this dry admission be to us? Will it prevent their being renewed? That the Americans would ere this have made peace with us, had we not insisted on the dismemberment of their territory, there can be little doubt; and thus, in fact, we are now at war with them for the possession of a certain portion of uncultivated land on the borders of lakes Erie, Ontario, Huron, and Superior; for the conquest of which we must cripple our trade, waste our blood, perpetuate the grinding Income and other grievous taxes, and add millions to an almost countless National Debt!

This, too, let it be remembered, is the very best that can happen to us. But are we sure that the war will be a successful one? Are we quite certain that we have the means of vanquishing a stiff-necked and powerful people, at the distance of between three and four thousand miles from us? The *Courier* and the *Times* will answer, yes;—the Contractors and the Loan-mongers, with their accustomed disinterestedness and general knowledge, will answer, yes:—the Ministers and their well-fed followers will all echo, yes; and talk of the disaffected, who alone doubt the ability of Englishmen to chastise these disagreeable Republicans:—and yet, with all due submission to this mass of worth and of wisdom, I shall venture to state my reasons for supposing it possible that even Englishmen *may* be defeated in this scheme of adding some miles of territory to our endless foreign dominions, at a great expense of blood and treasure.

The fate of the revolutionary war in America is too recent to be forgotten. When the news of the commencement of hostilities was announced in the House of Commons, we read that a Whig Member rose and regretted that we were then at length absolutely *at war* with our brethren of America. Such, however, was the contempt which the Ministers of the day felt for the people of that country, and such, as it has been sufficiently proved by the event, was their ignorance of the real power of the Colonists, that one of them sneeringly replied to the desponding Whig, that some blood had indeed been shed, but that a regiment or two of British Grenadiers would soon put down and chastise the *rioters!*—The rioters however did not chuse to be put down by two regiments of Grenadiers, and during several years of obstinate resistance, even ventured to fight regular battles with, and at length actually to capture whole armies of British,

headed by our Burgoynes and Cornwallises. Something of this same ignorance it is manifest still prevails, without any thing like the same excuse for it. The population of the United States was then hardly three millions—there was a want of system throughout the Union—a civil war indeed raged, for the English Government had then many active partisans. Under such circumstances, there might be some cause for doubt as to the result of the contest. Now, however, the population of America has reached eight millions of people,—a popular Government has long prevailed,—and though, as in all free countries, there must be a division of sentiment as to questions of policy, the great body of the nation is doubtless quite prepared to resist an invading foe, and to support the Government in all its moderate views.—If, then, we were foiled and defeated and *shamed* by three millions of men, what reason is there for supposing that we are sure of success against eight millions? That the Americans have not degenerated from their British stock, that they have lost nothing of their former bravery, their well-contested naval combats with us abundantly evince. To be sure, they are as yet very bad soldiers, and our troops are victorious veterans. But the charge of inexperience, like that of youth, will be weakened every day, and a few years of land fighting will as assuredly make the republicans good soldiers, as their nautical experience has made them good sailors. Every schoolboy knows how Pyrrhus and Hannibal beat the Romans into discipline; Charles the Twelfth of Sweden did the Russians a similar favour; and we all know, that but for the late bloody campaigns in the Peninsula, the military character of Englishmen would have been a little clouded by the catastrophes in Flanders and Holland under our illustrious Commander-in-Chief.

If then, as the Court Journals seem to admit, the Americans have rejected our terms of pacification simply on the ground of our having demanded *a portion of their territory* on the Canadian frontiers, we are then involved in a fierce and most expensive struggle, solely for the possession of such territory. This fact should not be lost sight of. This contested territory, I will venture to assert, will be of little, if any, use to us, if we get it, and hardly worth the price of a single charge of gunpowder. We have already, in the opinion of the ablest statesmen, more than an ample portion of foreign territory. The limbs of the British Empire are evidently larger than the trunk, and, like other swoln extremities, only serve to draw off the vital supply from the centre. As for the assertion, that our Canadian frontier will be greatly protected by this acquisition, it appears to me altogether futile: for we shall still have a frontier, and whether it be Canadian or under any other name, *that* portion will be open to invasion, and the more so, as it will lie within the natural boundary of the Republic.

As for the national honour, I suppose it will hardly be urged that it would be at all tarnished by making such a peace as this recommended. The country will have relinquished none of its maritime rights, not even those which are manifestly doubtful; the war has not yet lasted long enough to have involved us in any very great expense, though it is already beginning to touch us on this tender point; and after the skill and courage and real power we have just exhibited in Europe, the moderation of our conduct cannot possibly be attributed to ignorance or to imbecility. Should we then be no immediate gainers by this moderation, it is apparent that we should suffer neither in reputation nor in strength; and it is equally clear, I think, that, by cherishing our resources, we should be better enabled to resist any future attack on either.

And is there, Mr. Examiner, no additional argument for peace with America in the present condition of this country? Has a 20 years' war with France left us in the best of all possible states? Does our commerce flourish, or our manufactures thrive? Are the necessaries of life cheap, or the demands of the tax-gatherers diminished? No; the nation evidently requires repose; our commerce does not flourish, neither do our manufacturers thrive. The necessaries of life are far from being cheap, and the tax-gatherer, as your readers well know, is as active as ever. Nay, such are the effects of the long war out of which we have just emerged, that we cannot now meet our neighbours in the general market, owing to the high price of our productions,—a price occasioned chiefly by the increased value of labour, caused by excessive taxation. Already is it proposed to *increase the price of bread* by checking the importation of corn; a fearful measure, but necessary, as it is said, to secure to the farmer an adequate profit for his cultivation of grain; for without such a monopoly, it is contended, he will be ruined under the present weight of taxation. I doubt much the policy of such a proceeding, but, at any rate, it shows the sad consequences resulting from war. Taxation increases the price of corn; the price of corn regulates the price of labour; the price of labour fixes the value of every production, whether rude or manufactured; and in proportion as the products of the land are dear, so will they be of difficult attainment both at home and abroad. The price of labour on the Continent is not half of what it is in this country, and, consequently, the manufacturers there can afford to sell their productions at half the price. The eggs, fruits, poultry, and cattle of France, have been absolutely sold in this country at less than half the price of similar British articles; and if the law allowed it, French commodities of all sorts would pour in upon us in every direction. Can that state of things be a good one, in which it is deemed necessary to raise the price of the necessaries of life, and to prohibit the enjoyment of those useful and agreeable articles, which the abundance of neighbouring countries would supply us with?

But the subject is almost endless: all I wish to impress on the minds of your readers is this—that as we are now smarting under the effects of the late war in Europe, it is a lamentable thing to see the nation involved in a new contest in America;—that as we can terminate it with honour, it is every way to our interest to do so, for that if we ultimately even obtain all our demand, that *all* is hardly worth one week's cost of the war; and if procured only by years of hostility, it will inevitably serve to lower us in the scale of Europe, while our neighbours are daily adding to their power; it will sadly augment all our burthens, and thus fearfully increase all our embarrassments.

Yours, &c. A Calm Observer.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Sept. 28.—Letters from Italy state, that Bonaparte has thought fit to establish the conscription in the isle of Elba. He requires that the inhabitants should devote half the day to the repair of the roads. This mea-

sure has excited great discontent among these Islanders, who would be glad to get rid of this mountebank.—A letter from Porto Ferrajo gives us the following details respecting Bonaparte:—His residence is composed of two buildings, of each three windows in length, and two stories high; they are joined together by another building of four windows in length, and one story high; there are green blinds, the door painted brown, and there are two centinels at the door; so much for the exterior. The interior is arranged with elegance; the saloon can contain 100 persons. Bonaparte sleeps very little—he gets up very early in the morning. He tires two or three horses; and sometimes labours late at night. He is in good health, but he sometimes neglects his person, and looks like a common soldier. To give a proof of his sentiments towards the Bourbons, he has caused crosses to be made, enamelled white and blue, with a fleur-de-lis in the centre, and fleur-de-lis at the corner, with this legend; "The Pledge of Peace; long live the King." Which decoration he gives to every person who quits his service to return to France.

M. Lamoureux, an able naturalist, and an eye-witness of the fall of stones at Agen on the 5th, has transmitted the following relation to the Institute, the general depot of all that is scientific and curious in France:—"At eleven in the morning the sky was pure, calm, and transparent, as it is almost always in the southern provinces, and as it so rarely is on our foggy banks of the Seine. On a sudden, in the north-west, appeared at a great distance a dark cloud, with a very slow motion, and of apparently very circumscribed dimensions; for, at the great altitude at which it was, its diameter did not appear more than a few feet. Presently its motion increased, the cloud rolled over itself with a noise resembling that of a continual thunder. A terrible explosion took place; the noise ceased; the cloud divided itself; at the same instant, the inhabitants of several communes were struck with terror at seeing falling around them stones of a very considerable size, making holes in the earth several inches in depth. The Count de Villeneuve, Prefect of the Department, has collected several of them." M. Lamoureux has sent his brother, who is very curious in such researches, to the place, to obtain all the information he can procure. The stones collected at Agen resemble those found at l'Aigle, Landes, and other places, but they are of a clearer grey, and a thinner consistency. If they came from the moon they must belong to a more refined manufacture than we have hitherto seen.—M. Lamoureux proposes to deposit these beautiful specimens at the Institute, and we shall then be better able to judge of them.—*Journal de Paris.*

Paris, Oct. 4.—Six booksellers, distributors of seditious pamphlets, have been arrested. One of their libels is written by a Septembriser; another by a Regicide, who is covered not only with the blood of his King, but with that of thousands of victims who perished in 1798, and who signed all their death-warrants.

PRUSSIA.

The Minister of the Home Department has published, at Berlin, a notification of importance, relative to the state of public worship in the Prussian States. It commences by regretting the want of sufficient awfulness and solemnities in the ceremonies of divine worship in the several Protestant churches, wherein the sermon is the chief point regarded, whereas the Liturgies are so defective as to leave much to the discretion of the individual Clergymen, so that uniformity of church rites is nearly lost. "It would be lamentable," it is observed, "if this era, so peculiarly favourable and proper for suitable reforms in divine worship, should pass over without any advantage being derived from it." Many of the Clergy of Berlin, and the March of Brandenburg, had applied to the King on the subject, and their pious request fully coinciding with his Majesty's own views, had been received by him with peculiar attention and satisfaction. "The wish and the will of the King," it proceeds, is, "that a Select Committee of the Clergy may examine the Liturgies and all the religious ceremonies of the foreign Protestant Churches, compare them with the spirit and principles of our Holy Religion, to produce the best form for a Liturgy, which, maintaining and preserving the pure doctrines of the Protestant Church, may, at the same time, give to public worship new life and new energy, and confirm more and more the religious dispositions of the people." Several Protestant Clergymen are then named to form a commission, wherein contributions and proposals from judicious and experienced Clergymen of both the Protestant persuasions will be readily received and carefully weighed, and they are invited to send their contributions in writing.

SPAIN.

Madrid, Sept. 20.—A Commission has been appointed to try the Members of the Cortes known by the appellation of *the Liberals*, and confined in the prisons. Two Magistrates appointed to form part of this tribunal have given in their resignation: they are the Count del Pinar and la Sanca, both members of the Supreme Council of Castile.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Admiral *Bradley*, convicted of forgery at the last Assizes, is to be transported for life.—*Wm. Heatrill*, convicted of assisting in the escape of French Officers, on their parole at Bishop's Waltham, and sentenced in Easter Term, 1812, to be imprisoned for three years, and to pay a fine of 100*l*, has this week received a pardon for the remission of his fine and the remainder of his imprisonment.—*Salisbury Journal.*

On the 23d ult., a murder of a most barbarous nature was perpetrated at Broadwood Kelly, in Devonshire, by one *Alexander Bealy*, on Elizabeth Martin, whose head he severed completely from her body, with a common hook. A Coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of *Wilful Murder*, and Bealy was committed to the county jail.

A Gentleman from the East Indies, who lately arrived here, presented a Lady of this city with a little African negro boy, about nine or ten years of age, which some time since he humanely preserved from being destroyed by a slave-merchant: it appears that among many slaves which were offered for sale by the Captain of a slave-ship, this black infant was one; but not being able to procure a purchaser, he took the child up by the leg and arm to throw him into the ocean, and when in the very act, the above Gentleman interposed, and agreed to give some consideration; the boy is very tractable, has a good capacity, and a retentive memory.—*Exeter Paper.*

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

R. K. Frost, Launceston, Cornwall, malister, from Oct. 8 to Nov. 5.

D. Barnup, East Smithfield, haberdasher, from Oct. 11 to Nov. 1.

BANKRUPTS.

C. Parry, Chester, ropemaker. Attorney, Mr. Huxley, Temple.

W. Adams, Ipswich, grocer. Attorney, Mr. Burnett, Chatham-place, Blackfriars.

S. Greathead, Sheerness, stationer. Attorney, Mr. Gregory, Prospect-place, Newington-butts.

J. B. Holton, Stoke Newington, innkeeper. Attorney, Mr. Stevenson, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

J. Cooper, jun. Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell, ironmonger. Attornies, Messrs. Richardson and Miller, New-inn.

D. Trott, Cushion-court, Old Broad-street, wine-merchant. Attorney Mr. Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

W. Halton, Richmond-buildings, Dean-street, Soho, tailor, from Oct. 15 to Nov. 5.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Tucker, Bristol, dealer. Attorney, Mr. Thomas Jarman, Bristol.

T. Gaskell, St. Hellens, Lancashire, corn-dealer. Attorney, Mr. Clements, Liverpool.

T. Thomas, Bristol, soap-boiler. Attorney, Mr. Frankis, Bristol.

E. Spencer, Billiter lane, merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Loxley and Son, Cheapside.

B. Willmore, Deptford, carpenter. Attorney, Mr. Parker, Greenwich.

R. Coster, High Holborn, cheesemonger. Attornies, Messrs. Wood and Clarke, Castle-court, Budge-row.

J. Allen and G. Torrance, Liverpool, shoemakers. Attorney, Mr. Passmore, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street.

J. Whitfield and J. Whitfield, Morpeth, Northumberland, innkeepers. Attorney, Mr. Donkin, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

T. Lovewell, Barbican, stationer. Attornies, Messrs. Street and Woolfe, Philpot-lane.

J. Rawlinson, Great Portland-street, oilman. Attorney, Mr. Wills, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square.

A. Bishop, J. Brenchley, and G. Bishop, Cranbrook, Kent, bankers. Attornies, Messrs. Burr and Hoar, Maidstone.

J. F. Woodhatch, Thaxted, Essex, cabinet-maker. Attorney, Mr. Vincent, Bedford-street, Bedford-square.

J. Lawrence and W. Fullet, Bermondsey-street, Surrey, glue-manufacturers. Attorney, Mr. Benton, Union-street, Southwark.

The Editor is sorry to disappoint any of his Correspondents by delaying to look over their Communications, particularly such as are on a subject like the Slave Trade; but they must really have the goodness for a few days longer to allow him the privileges of an invalid.

MARK MINIM, and other Communications, next week.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER at Salisbury is informed, that the imperfection he alludes to shall be remedied, without any call upon him to fulfil his obliging offer.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Cons. .... 65 11/16 | Omnium .... 2¼ dis.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, OCTOBER 9.

THERE is no particular news. Accounts from Norway have almost entirely ceased, to the great regret of those who are interested in her welfare. The last that was heard on the subject is the reported journey of some Swedish Commissioners to Christiania, in order to arrange matters relative to the junction with Sweden;—but what have these men to do in a country, which, by the confession of previous arrangements between the chiefs of the hostile armies, is still to declare it's determination? We look with anxiety to the settlement of this important question; and cannot bring ourselves to suppose, that it will be so easily concluded as the Gallo-Swedish Pretender affects to think.

A great sensation has been excited in the mercantile world by the prohibition of our cotton-manufactures in Spain. The agitation is natural; and so is the disgust excited by this new instance of the cold-hearted and ridiculous sullenness of the Spanish Government. But it is curious to see what a redoubled stream of light this measure has poured in upon the eyes of some of our journalists, with regard to the unfitness of the Court of Madrid; and how considerate it has rendered them, all of a sudden, to the patriots of South America,—persons, of whom they would scarcely take notice the other day, and then only under the name of rebels! The *Times*, as usual, is at the head of these calculating abhorrers. FERDINAND might have been one of the silliest and meanest of mankind; and if he had but abstained from trenching upon some particular interests, should have been applauded to the skies in company with the "magnanimous" fugitive of Braganza,* and the Usurper and Conscriptionist of the North. He might have re-established bigotry and despotism in Spain, and if he had but done it genteelly, should only have been a little behind-hand:—and as to the South Americans, he might have conquered and treated them as rebels, and none but the enemies of all legitimate authority should have said nay to him. But touch our pockets! Threaten the revenues of our speculators and newsmongers! Turn away his tasteless and ungrateful countenance from our *printed cottons!* Oh the finished rogue!

The attention of the *Morning Chronicle* has been excited to an evil, which amidst the conflicting interests of the European Powers, has long been overlooked, or at least been regarded as a kind of nuisance impossible to be put down, and which was to travellers at sea what venomous reptiles or highwaymen are by land. But really it is too much, in these times, to hear of voyagers from one civilized country to another, and even of English ladies and their children, carried off by pirates to the coast of Barbary, and subjected to all the horrible agitations arising from their capture by ruffians, from exile, perhaps imprisonment, and from the lingering doubts and distress of their distant families. We shall feel ourselves bound to say more on this subject at an early opportunity. We recollect having occasion, a few years back, to offer some indignant remarks on the present of a ship, which our Government took it into it's head to make to the Dey of ALGIERS; and trust that whatever might have been the fancied neces-

* A Correspondent very properly reminded us, that we had omitted the name of this high minded and safe personage in mentioning a certain description of Princes at the close of a late article.

sity then to stoop to this wretched piece of humiliation, the time is gone by when the favour of this robber is a matter worthy consideration. A few commissions to sink, burn, and destroy the fellow's vessels wherever they were met with, and to put an end to his nest of pirates, would be a job, we think, equally pleasant to sailors in a time of peace, and humane and profitable for the world in general.

The condition of the new French Government is, we are afraid, an insecure one. We say afraid, because though we are far from being admirers of the Bourbon race in general, and think they might have done more for France on their return, even in true policy as well as liberality (if the two things must be disjoined), yet we liked Bonaparte with his gross apostacy and ferocity still less; and think there can be no question, that with a deliverance from the Conscription, and with a press comparatively free, the country has a much greater chance of gaining happiness and liberty under their dynasty than his. What Louis however has neglected to do seems as if it would be more canvassed then, than what he has done; and the mortified vanity of the French people is naturally more alive at the present moment to existing uneasinesses, than future chances of the better. There have appeared, in consequence, several discontented publications, which issue out from the press with an effect proportionate to the restrictions put upon that organ in general. The Government is proceeding against the publishers; and in the mean time it answers the writers through the medium of the journals, not sparing, by the way, such remarks on the men who have of late years risen to consequence, as it would consider libellous perhaps in coming from the other side. It is extremely doubtful, whether such measures can do it any service. Louis and his advisers, on coming back again, should have set aside every species of old and ordinary policy for the entire and confident pursuit of what was merely right and liberal; and such must be the conduct of the other Sovereigns also, or Napoleon himself may be back again before long.

☞

A Dutch Mail arrived yesterday. On the French frontiers the garrisons from Mentz to Dunkirk are considerably strengthened, and more troops are expected from the interior. On the other side nothing is neglected to form a strong line on the Belgian frontiers, where the force is estimated at 60,000 men. Between the Maese and the Moselle the Prussians have the same position.—Besides the Lancers a fourth regiment of Belgian cavalry is to be formed.—The correspondence between London, Ghent, Brussels, and Germany, has been for some days past more active than ever.

The Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands has issued a Decree respecting the Liberty of the Press. Every publication must have the author and printer, with the year and place of publication. Every one is responsible for what he writes. All writings tending to degrade religion or corrupt morals shall be punished. An original work is to be the exclusive right of the author, his widow, and his heirs, during their life. A translation gives no right beyond the edition the author publishes. All Editors of journals and periodical works are to provide themselves with the Prince's authorization, which will not be given unless they prove satisfactorily that they have at least 300 subscribers. Three copies of every printed work whatever, including journals, periodical works, maps and prints, must be sent to the Office of the Commissioner of the Interior.

The French Papers,—which, by the way, never can contain a sentiment displeasing to their Government—talk loudly of our recent proceedings at Washington, calling it ferocious, and comparing it to the conduct of pirates, who steal a victory, and then burn and destroy what they cannot hold. Many people here think that the public edifices at Washington, which were not devoted to purposes of war, ought to have been spared; and some consider the system of burning as altogether of doubtful policy. If it really weakens the enemy, it must be efficacious; but if it does little else but irritate, as some contend, it is unquestionably an erroneous course.

Geneva has wisely united itself to the Swiss Republic.

The French papers present a terrible picture of the affairs of Spain. Disturbances are now acknowledged to exist throughout New and Old Castile, Estremadura, Valentia, and Catalonia, to such an extent, that the Secretary at War is officially authorised to send at his discretion bodies of foot and horse *to exterminate the offenders*. Neither these offenders nor their offences are at all described in the official Order published on the occasion. It ordains that a permanent Military Commission shall be established in each of the above provinces; that all malefactors taken in the open country shall be brought before them; that no other Tribunal can claim jurisdiction; that these Tribunals may proceed *without confronting witnesses*; and that their sentences, unless disapproved by the Governor of the province, shall be executed without delay.

Private letters from Paris state, that considerable riots have taken place at Bourdeaux, on account of great shipments of corn being attempted from that place.

It is said that the Duke and Duchess of Orleans have requested, that the Palais Royal may be cleared of its profligate inhabitants. We respect the motive of this request, but doubt not a little of its policy. Great and luxurious capitals will be stained with vices; and when we look on the nightly state of our streets from one end of London to the other, we shall almost be inclined to envy Paris a building to which much of her dissipation and debauchery is in a great measure confined. It is certain that the inhabitants of the Palais Royal are more immediately under the eye and controul of the Police, than if they were more widely scattered over the capital: and it is as little to be doubted, that a more strict and efficient Police in our own metropolis would be an inestimable benefit, not only to those who become the objects of violence or fraud, but still more to those who are tempted by the chance of impunity to swell the terrible catalogue of offenders.—*Times.*

Sir THOMAS DYER, the first officer who held a British commission in Spain, on the 27th of July wrote a letter to the Secretary at War at Madrid, desiring that his name should be erased from the list of Spanish Lieut.-Generals, as he considered his rank in that service a disgrace to him; because certain Members of the Cortes, and others, had been confined and refused trial; because the Cortes had been illegally dissolved, and no new assembly appointed; and because the liberties of the nation, which his compatriots had shed their blood to preserve, had been abrogated by the oppression of the present Government.

"We hear from authority, that the Wasp American sloop of war, which recently fought and sunk the Avon, since sent a cartel into Plymouth with a challenge, to engage any two brigs in his Majesty's service. In the engagement with the Avon, the Wasp did not lose a man, and had but one wounded."—*Cork Southern Reporter.*

A whimsical mistake occurs in the *Gazette de France*, which, in announcing the arrival of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL at Calais, calls him General GARROW, in the service of his Britannic Majesty.

A courier belonging to the late Queen of WESTPHALIA, the wife of JEROME BONAPARTE, has been arrested at Bologna.

A young French Artist of the name of CARBONNIER, and a pupil of the celebrated DAVID, has recently arrived in London. We have seen an historical performance which he is now finishing for the Queen of NAPLES, and do not hesitate to pronounce it to be the result of elevated feeling, a delicate sensibility, and severe study.

Mr. KEMBLE returned to town from Paris on Wednesday last, preparatory to resuming his engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Miss O'NEIL appeared a second time on Friday night at Covent Garden, as *Juliet*. Her reception was throughout enthusiastic.

There is now a very considerable reduction in the prices of butchers' meat. The prime joints, both of mutton and beef, are now charged by some of the most respectable butchers at 9d. per lb.; and at the principal markets they may certainly be bought at 1d. per lb. under that price.

The moderate rate at which horses may now be maintained, together with the great fall in the price of them, should reduce the price of posting throughout every part of the kingdom. Posting in some parts is now reduced to 1s. a mile.

DR. W. HARVEY.—"I have heard him say, that after his book of the Circulation of the Blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice, and it was believed by the vulgar that he was crack brained; and all the physitians were against his opinion, and envyed him; with much adoe at last, in about twenty or thirty years time, it was received in all the universities in the world; and as Mr. HOBBES sayes in his book "De Corpore," he is the only man perhaps that ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his life time.—He was often troubled with the gowte, and his way of cure was thus: he would then sit with his legs bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaine house, put them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himself to his stove and so 'twas gone [illegible] did not care for chymestrie, and was wont to speak [illegible] them (chymists) with undervalue."

A detachment of the Staff Corps, ordered from Hythe to Portsmouth for embarkation, was forwarded on Wednesday last across the country, in waggons, by forced marches.

We forgot to mention last week, for which we humbly crave forgiveness of all our Subscribers west of Temple-bar, that the worthy Citizens have chosen Mr. Alderman BIRCH for their Mayor, for the year ensuing.

William Covennay, who was stabbed by his wife in Brownlow-street, Drury-lane, a few days ago, and taken to the Middlesex Hospital, is declared by the surgeons to be out of danger.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—An attempt was on Friday night made in Five Fields, Chelsea, to murder Mr. LARKIN, of Jermyn-street. He was knocked down near the Chapel, severely wounded on the head, dreadfully cut near the jugular vein, and then dragged from the road into the Chapel-field in a state of insensibility. Mr. BAKER, of Sloane-street, shortly after passing by, procured assistance, carried him to Mr. MORREN's close by, and from thence to St. George's Hospital, where he lies in a dangerous state. He was robbed of his hat, handkerchief, &c.

On Thursday night a Coroner's Inquest sat at the Fox and Hounds, Chelsea, on the body of CAROLINA MORGAN, a child aged three years, which met with its death in consequence of being severely burnt on the 30th of September. The child survived the accident of its clothes catching fire only five days, having languished during that period in the greatest agony. Verdict—*Accidental Death by burning.*

Another Inquest sat at the Middlesex Hospital on the body of Mary Tobin, a child aged three years, it having also met its death by a similar accident. The screams of the child when its clothes were on fire brought assistance into the room, but assistance was in vain.—Like verdict.

COURT AND FASHIONABLES.

"Lord ELLENBOROUGH lately purchased the elegant mansion-house belonging to the late Mr. GOLDSMID, with its furniture, at Roehampton, and the beautiful grounds, garden, and lands attached to it. On Saturday week, the PRINCE REGENT, attended by General BLOOMFIELD, *honoured* the Noble Lord with a visit to view the premises; after which the Learned Lord entertained the PRINCE and a party of nine, with a sumptuous dinner."—[The above paragraph appeared in several of the daily papers. Some time ago, when this social intercourse between the SOVERRIGN and the CHIEF JUDGE was spoken of, a person, conscious, as it should seem, of the manifest impropriety of it, denied that the REGENT was in habits of intimacy with the JUDGE. Have the daily papers, then, conspired to represent the CHIEF JUSTICE as receiving personal favours from his ROYAL HIGHNESS?—Be this as it may, should the PRINCE REGENT, at any time, think it necessary to his dignity to prosecute a public writer for publishing offensive truths, my Lord ELLENBOROUGH will hardly consider it as decent to sit in judgment upon the man, of whom his *patron and friend* complains. On such an occasion, he will doubtless retire from the Bench, fearful of the issue of a contest between his love of justice and his sense of gratitude.]

It is said, that a Deputation from the Committee, appointed to superintend the Subscription for the Suffering Germans, are about to wait upon our most gracious QUEEN, *to make known to her* that such a Subscription is on foot, of which she is manifestly in ignorance, from her not having yet subscribed a single shilling.—Perhaps it would be as well if the Deputation

were to read to her MAJESTY the various accounts transmitted to the Committee of the liberal aid afforded by her sex, both in Germany and Britain; not only by females of rank and property, but even by humble and indigent menials.—All this will doubtless be very agreeable news to our amiable QUEEN, who will amply reward the Committee for their trouble.

An article in the French papers, dated from Berne, Sept. 22, says, "The Arch-Duchess MARIA LOUISA arrived here yesterday: the Princess of WALES arrived to day!" And it is mentioned in another article from Lausanne, that the Princess of WALES means to take a country house, and reside some time at Geneva.—Should the ARCH-DUCHESS and her ROYAL HIGHNESS have met at Berne, they might have compared fates and sympathised in each others sufferings. Their condition is indeed a hard one: both born to greatness—both wanderers from their proper homes—both unhappy in marriage—both ill-tr——no, not both ill-treated by their husbands; and in this respect the wife of NAPOLEON is less unfortunate than the wife of the PRINCE of WALES, for the Frenchman did not only not discard her from his bed, but is anxious that she should still partake of it; while the ENGLISH PRINCE will not endure the sight of his PRINCESS even at a Levee. Then again the AUSTRIAN PRINCESS is allowed the society of her child, while the ENGLISH one is debarred that happiness. Unfortunate, therefore, as are both these illustrious Ladies, the REGENT himself must admit, that his Wife has, of the two, the greatest reason to complain of the unkindness of Fortune, if not of her Husband's.—The proverb should therefore be mended, for to be "as *happy* as a Queen," is now-a-days at least rather adverse to the fact. Not to mention the late Queens of FRANCE and NAPLES, sisters, the one beheaded at Paris, and the other lately dying in exile at Vienna, there is now the Queen of PORTUGAL, deranged in the Brazils—the Queen Mother of SPAIN, an exile in Italy—the late Queens of SWEDEN and WESTPHALIA, the late Empress of FRANCE, and the Princess of WALES, all exiles or wanderers in Switzerland. The Saxon Princesses, too, cannot be in the most enviable of conditions just now; and it was announced the other day, that such was the uneasy state of the Queen of WIRTEMBURGH, that she was coming to reside in England with her family.—So much for the envied condition of Royalty!

It is said that the Duchess of CUMBERLAND will speedily accompany her husband to this country, where their marriage will be re-solemnised, according to the forms of the Church of England.

It is reported that the Marquis of HERTFORD is shortly to be created a Duke.

INHABITANTS OF THE ISLE OF ELBA.

[The following abridged extracts are from a Voyage to the Isle of Elba by Arsenne Thiebaut de Berneaud, which has been lately translated. M. Thiebaut made his voyage a few years back in the course of a general examination of Italy. The work is not an able one, but it gives the most direct and copious account of the Island that we have seen.]

The Isle of Elba, off the coast of Tuscany, is nearly 70 English miles in circuit. In 1778 it contained scarcely 8000 inhabitants; but thirty years afterwards, when the author visited it, the number amounted to nearly 12,000. The inhabitants, he says, are in general good and hospitable, though, like all weak nations, they are flatterers. They are of an ordinary height, well made, and of an excellent constitution, which they preserve by a frugal life, and a love of manly exercises. Their hair is generally black, their complexion brown, and their looks lively and penetrating. Education is greatly neglected among them; and the perpetual revolutions and commotions, which have so often struck at the root of the security and property of the people, have imparted, the author thinks, a singular degree of asperity to their character (a very different account, by the way, from the French official one); but nevertheless, they do not inherit that spirit of hatred and revenge, which is the distinguishing feature of some other nations. They have the ferocity neither of the gloomy Sardinian, nor of the fiery Sicilian; the stiletto, so common in some other parts of Italy, does not even exist among them; nor has he discovered in them the cunning, the laziness, or the listlessness, so natural to a southern people. They are endowed with a certain sprightliness of imagination, which renders them capable of receiving the strongest impressions; and hence proceeds an excessive predilection for extravagant and romantic tales, and for all that is connected with quackery and deception. They are unacquainted with the monstrous luxury of cities. A hat of black straw, a white boddice, a short petticoat of red or blue, is the whole attire of the women,—whom, by the way, the author does not think handsome. They are fond of wearing flowers and rings; and press their swelling bosoms under enormous busks laced tight with ribbons,—a custom, to which he attributes a forced and disagreeable prominency in front, and an unpleasant stiffness in their arms and motions. They are possessed of a high degree of sensibility, are marriageable very early, acquire an old look in a short time, and are good mothers, entirely devoted to their families.—The food of the Elbese consists of dried pulse, bad cheese made of ewes-milk, salted and smoked provisions in general, coarse bread, fresh fish, chiefly tunny, and a very few vegetables. The salted cheese of Sardinia is an article of great consumption. They also eat an immense quantity of chesnuts, which they grind into flour, and can make into a pastry far superior to any that can be manufactured from maize. It is only upon holidays that their economy allows them to indulge themselves in fresh meat, and in an excellent white wine. On ordinary days they breakfast upon chesnut-cake, towards noon dine upon bread and beans, lentils, or some other species of pulse, boiled and seasoned with oil; and in the evening their repast is soup, and fresh or salt fish.—Their houses are low, but neatly and solidly furnished. Their beds are remarkable for their size, containing three, four, and often six persons at once, and frequently sufficient for a whole family. The use of these beds may be traced to the age of chivalry. In the 16th century their counterparts were to be seen in France and Germany. The inhabitants of the towns, "as is usually the case," bestow more regard upon their tables and houses; and enjoy most excellent bread, meats and fish, fruits and vegetables, the chief part of which they procure at a heavy expense from the Continent.—The natives of Porto-Ferraio, the capital, the author subsequently characterizes as addicted to luxury and libertinism; but the pleasures of the people in general are not of the liveliest description. Dancing is the favourite amusement of the young, but it wants that expression of sentiment, that vivacity of movement, and variety of attitude, which are so enchanting in the countries of Rome, Naples, Tarentum, Apulia, and Calabria. The general bodily diversions are races, bowls, nine-pins, quoits, a kind of tennis, which they play with a wooden bat shaped like a pine-apple, and shooting at a butt; and among the young men, as among the Greeks and Liparots, it is a disgrace not to be able to row and navigate a bark; but the amusement in which the people take the greatest delight is that of the Improvvisatori, or reciters of extempore verses. In Elba, as well as at Florence, Rome, and Naples, the author says he has recognized in these verses entire pieces from Tasso, Ariosto, and Metastasio, which the Improvvisatore has adroitly adapted to his own subject.

The Ethese have strong constitutions and enjoy a salubrious atmosphere; but the use of salt meat, course bread, and bad wine, the putrid exhalations from undrained marshes, the dewy evenings and damp nights, and a hot, moist, south wind, which the author discribes as almost always blowing, produce a great number of diseases, the chief of which are a variety of fevers, bilious, gastric, &c., diseases of the skin, dropy, dysentery, scurvy, and inflammation of the lungs and eyes. The reader may perceive some inconsistency in this account; and indeed he would find more in the book itself. The author may relate things as he sees them, but his vision seems to be contracted, and he is too apt to contradict himself with general deductions. What he says, however, about the womens' dresses and the cure of diseases ought not be omitted. The whalebone stays, in which they and their children are encased, he very probably represents as occasioning disorders as well as deformity in the chest; and he attributes a good deal of the prevention of cures to the habit of taking opium, and of giving heating sudorifics, such as sage and ginger infused in wine, for all kinds of disorders, the inflammatory not excepted.

From every thing which this author, and others, have said of the Island of Elba, it is clear that Bonaparte, if he chose, might, with a little attention to the education and pursuits of the people, become what he never yet has been in any of his former residences,—a real blessing to all around him.

PLAYHOUSE LOBBIES.

Mr. Examiner,—In reading, in to-day's newspapers, the discussion in the Common Council respecting the removal of prostitutes from the streets of this City, I was rather surprised that none of the worthy Gentlemen mentioned those nurseries of vice, the saloons of the theatres. Though not exactly in the city, they assist materially in annoying its streets. In my humble opinion, the public would be much benefited if they were abolished. They perhaps may be considered as ornaments to a theatre—of service they can be none, except for the immoral and disgusting purposes they are at present used.—If the intention of them is to accommodate the public with refreshments it is entirely destroyed, for persons of respectability, particularly females, are prevented from going into the saloons on account of the company which infest them.—That the pernicious evil must exist in some degree is beyond a doubt; but I am of opinion with one of the worthy Aldermen, that the licensing of houses would be less nuisance to the public than any other method yet proposed.—Sincerely hoping that something may soon be done to ameliorate the condition of the numerous unfortunate females of this Metropolis, I remain, Sir, your constant reader.

J. L. T.

London, Oct. 6, 1814.

ABUSE OF POWER.

Mr. Examiner—I have seen with that solemn satisfaction we naturally feel when the odious vice of cruelty is publicly branded, the remarks in your Paper on the late trial of a Naval Commander. Mild as is the mere punishment of dismissal from service, when compared with the atrocity of his offence, it seems extraordinary, indeed, that he has been recommended as an object deserving further lenity. Several late trials have brought to light enormities of a similar kind, and from some strange and mysterious cause, the offenders seem always to have escaped due punishment. It is however awful to reflect, what a mass of human misery is generated by not repressing the abuse of power. Where ever death is produced by the cruelty, however brutal, or violence however repeated, of a superior,—of a husband to a wife, a parent to a child, a master to an apprentice, or a Captain to a seaboy, there is shewn an unaccountable indulgence to the criminals unknown in other cases. Yet, in the eye of Justice, their being the natural protectors of those they have injured, and their possessing from situation the power of enforcing their commands by milder methods, gives a deeper die to their guilt. The frequent acquittal of persons who, as your late Correspondent remarks, have caused the death of others by "brutal cruelty," would almost make one fear that the English character had sunk into apathy on this subject, since the days when the barbarities exercised by Mrs. Brownrigge on her apprentices (somewhat similar to those of the Officer) excited national indignation. Indeed the details of the fate of several sea boys, within these few years, have been sickening to humanity: and it were strongly to be wished some effectual means could be devised for their protection. Your insertion of this may awaken the minds of some who can devise means for repressing the growing evil, and will oblige

Oct. 4, 1814. A Subscriber.

THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Examiner,—I beg leave, through the medium of the *Examiner*, to state an occurrence in which I think I have not been handsomely treated by the Proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, and which I trust you will not deem unworthy of insertion.

Considering the remarkable story of the discovery of a murder in the Forest of Bondy, in the thirteenth century, by the sagacity and attachment of a dog, a good subject for dramatic effect, I drew up a narrative founded on that well authenticated fact, which I submitted, *ten months ago*, to Mr. Harris, jun. conceiving the Covent-Garden stage, where quadrupeds of all denominations have become so prominent and favourite performers, was the most probable and fit scene for such an exhibition; mentioning, that if he thought proper to make any thing of it, or wished me to dramatise it myself, I should expect such reasonable remuneration as he might judge proper. To frequent applications on the subject, the constant answer was, that my manuscript was not to be found; and I had in fact given the matter up, when in the Covent-Garden bills there appeared an announcement of a melo-drame, entitled *The Forest of Bondy, or the Dog of Montargis.* I then made fresh inquiry, but still the same answer. At length on Saturday the 24th ult. the MS. was returned to me. I have since addressed Mr. Harris by letter, stating, that as I had drawn up my story expressly with a view to the drama, and submitted it to him long before the French piece was produced from which his is taken, and as by his keeping it so long, and until he had brought forward his melo-drame on the same subject, I was thus entirely prevented from making any use of mine. I trusted to his honour and justice for a reasonable compensation; but this he has not condescended to notice.

For the amusement of your readers, who look eagerly to

the *Examiner* for dramatic information and instruction, I subjoin my story as submitted to Mr. Harris. It may not contain so much pantomimical business, but I flatter myself that, in point of plot and dramatic effect, it will not yield to the Covent-Garden melo-drame. In the great incident respecting the Dog, I have adhered to the history, which is entirely set aside by the melo-dramatist; and I have contented myself with giving him the common actions of a dog, without making him either perform the monkey-tricks of ringing the bell of a public-house, or carrying away a lantern to shew light on the spot where the murder was committed. I presume, also, that even in stage-show and effect, the funeral procession and judicial combat, introduced in my narrative, would have told as well as the song, the ballet dance, and the cataract of the melo-drame.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JAS. BANNANTINE.

White-Horse-yard, Drury-lane, Oct. 5.

EXTRACT FROM HISTORICAL ESSAYS ON PARIS.

In the reign of Louis VIII., King of France, (or, according to other authors, Charles V.) a gentleman named Aubri de Montdidier, passing along in the Forest of Bondy, was assassinated and buried at the root of a tree. His dog remained several days on his grave, and did not quit it till pressed by hunger. He came to Paris, to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, and by his mournful howlings seemed to inform him of the loss they had sustained. After having eaten, he renews his cries, goes to the door, turns his head to see if any one follows him, returns to this friend of his master, and pulls him by the coat, as if to desire him to come along with him. The singularity of all the dog's motions—his coming without his master whom he never quitted—the master having suddenly disappeared—and perhaps that distribution of justice and events which seldom permits crimes to remain long concealed;—all these particulars were inducements for following the dog. As soon as the dog came to the foot of the tree, he redoubled his howlings, scratching up the earth as a sign for seeking in that place. They digged down into it, and there found the body of the unhappy Aubri. Some time after, the dog sees, by chance, the assassin, whom all the historians call the Chevalier Macaire; he jumps at his throat, and with great difficulty is made to let go his hold. Every time of meeting him, he attacks him with the same fury. The inveterate hatred of the dog against this man only begins to appear extraordinary. Several call to mind the affection he had shewn for his master, and at the same time the many occasions on which the Chevalier Macaire had given proofs of his hatred and envy against Aubri de Montdidier. Some other circumstances corroborate these suspicions. The King, informed of all that was said, had the dog brought to him, who seemed quite easy and peaceable, till, seeing Macaire in the midst of twenty other courtiers, he turned, barked at, and strove to dart on him. In these times a combat was ordered between the accuser and accused, when the proofs of criminality were not sufficiently convincing. These sorts of combats were called *Judgments of God*, because it was firmly believed, that Heaven would sooner work a miracle than let innocence be oppressed. The King, from all the appearances of Macaire's guilt, judged that he was engaged, or under an obligation to fight; that is, he ordered a duel between the chevalier and the dog. The field was marked out in the isle of Notre Dame, which was then an empty and uninhabited piece of ground. Macaire was armed with a large stick; the dog had a hogshead, with the staves at one end knocked out, for his retreat, and to gain some respite during the intermissions of fighting. Being let loose, he runs and turns immediately about his adversary, avoids his blows, threatens him sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other; tires him, and at last, darting, seizes him by the throat, throws him down, and obliges him to confess his crime in the presence of the King and the whole Court.

The memory of this dog was deserving of being preserved to posterity by a monument, which still subsists over the chimney-piece of the great saloon of the castle of Montargis.

The foregoing circumstance is recorded by Joseph Scaliger, by Father Montfaucon, by D'Aguider, and by Oliver de la Marche.

A PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

MR. EXAMINER,—You lately presented to your readers a Character of the late glorious Sovereign of this country, George the Second, as sketched by Glover, the author of *Leonidas*.—I have found, in a folio volume of poems, printed at the Clarendon Press, in the year 1761, under the title of "Pietas Universitatis Oxoniensis in Obitum Serenissimi Regis Georgii 2di, et Gratulatio in Augustissimi Regis Georgii 3tii Inaugurationem," the qualities and adornments of the same Monarch, drawn out by an honourable and exalted Divine, whose success in *translation* might perhaps be traced back to some of his early and original effusions.—I subjoin the pair of historical Portraits, for the benefit of sober and unprejudiced comparison. If it be objected, that every hero is more elevated in verse than in prose, I beg to observe, that the poesy of the embryo bishop is poetical only to the eye, and that, if your readers will go through his eulogy without metrical pauses, it will be found to have no pretensions above very ordinary and unadorned prose. In fact, the modest and unambitious Confessor, could as little on the score of his poetry, as of the sanctity of his office, lay claim to the privileges of fiction. His title, pedigree, and preferments, are appended, as they stand at the foot of the poem in the "Pietas."

BY THE AUTHOR OF LEONIDAS.

"A weak, narrow, sordid, and unfeeling master, who, seated by fortune on a throne, was calculated by nature for a pawnbroker's shop, and was easily reconciled to a set of men willing and able to gratify his low avarice, in his ideas a sufficient compensation for the sacrifice he made them of his resentments and his prerogative."

"A doting, mean, spiritless, covetous, prejudiced, undiscerning Prince, whose decisions, like those of Charles, served but to embroil the fray."

"His avarice sometimes tempted him to actions repugnant to common honesty."

BY HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAIN.

——— ——— "His large soul,
"Replete with kindness, wept another's woe,
"And lent its sympathetic aid to 'suage
"Misfortune's rankling pain."
——— "Alike to all,
"With steady radiance, o'er his wide domain
"His anxious wisdom shone; for all he form'd
"The studied and the well-concerted plan
"Of patriot policy—Witness ye hills,
"Ye Caledonian rocks, how much ye owe
"To George's care."
"Such was the Monarch, Tutelary Power,
"By thee instructed, to exalt and fix
"Thy Britain's glory, and extend her fame
"Far as the limits of this nether shore."

The Honourable Shute Barrington, M. A. Brother to the Lord Viscount Barrington, one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, and Fellow of Merton College.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AN ADMIRER OF SACRED DRAMAS.

MR. LUCETT AND HIS DENUNCIATIONS.

MR. EXAMINER,—A little piece of information has reached me from your Office, which I confess has given me satisfaction. I find that a very important and powdered personage, with the *Examiner* in his hand, entered your Printing-Office last week, and after demanding who was the Writer of *that* "scurrilous and malignant libel upon Mr. LUCETT," said that he would spend five hundred pounds in discovering and punishing the Author! Your Printer, it seems, was absent at the time, and the magisterial air and terrible denunciations of the aforesaid personage somewhat alarmed the little Mercuries of your Office, who were perhaps not aware that empty vessels always make the loudest noise when tapped upon.

Whoever the said personage might be, whether some friend of the hot and cold water Doctor, or peradventure the great Pretender himself, I, as the Author of *that* "scurrilous and malignant libel upon Mr. LUCETT," beg to inform him, that I have left my name at your Office, that he may lose no time in proceeding "as the Act directs." At the same time, in order to shew Mr. LUCETT that I have no sort of personal quarrel with him, I shall point out a way by which he may sufficiently expose himself for half the money he mentions, and which, in fact, will be putting two hundred and fifty pounds into his pocket. It is this: to assemble several Professional Gentlemen of eminence, to honestly lay before them his mode of practice, and procure from them a Certificate of its merits, and of his own qualifications to superintend persons afflicted with madness. This done, let Mr. LUCETT publish such Certificate, which will be quite as efficacious in making his pretensions known, as if he employed the ATTORNEY-GENERAL himself to speak for hours in praise of quackery at Westminster-Hall.

Living as I now do in seclusion from the bustle of business, I certainly feel obliged to Mr. LUCETT for thus giving as it were a fillip to my torpid faculties. I should be much amused, too, at hearing that Mr. LUCETT has got such a hoard of money, as to be able to throw away five hundred pounds in the pleasant manner he proposes, were I sure that he had not obtained them from his uncured patients; for since the days of the renowned *Sangrado*, I have heard of no such sums having been made by the simple application of water. My great ancestor Mr. NOAH, indeed, saved the lives of a pretty numerous family by water; but this was under a licence from proper authority, which Mr. LUCETT, I believe, does not yet boast of having obtained. Greatly, however, as I am indebted to Mr. LUCETT for his animating inquiries and gracious intentions, I must conclude with hoping, that when he or his friend next calls at your Office, he will do me the favour to assume as much as possible the manners of a gentleman, and not to put your unoffending little official devils in bodily fear.

Oct. 5, 1814. DETECTOR.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

MR. EXAMINER,—Though the statement inserted in your paper of last Sunday, concerning the North-Countryman's journey to London, and the treatment he experienced when he arrived there, is not untrue as to particulars, the colouring is too high. Permit me to contradict that part particularly, in which it says he asked for a lodging in Mr. T.'s hay-loft, with tears, &c. I do not recollect the mention of the hay-loft, and am certain, that the man, although lame, &c. had no appearance of weeping.—The conduct of Mr. Tozer, I think, was very natural. To admit a *perfect stranger at such an hour* under his roof, under all circumstances, would, I think, have been too much for the charity even of the celebrated R——d H—l, Mr. Ch—ch, or any other preacher of *suburbian celebrity*. Neither are the man's faculties impaired in the least degree, unless an implicit faith in the doctrines of Mrs. Southcott, and an unalterable determination to endure in the faith until the end, may be deemed loss of reason; if *it* be, the whole country will ere long be insane; for although, in compliance with the bidding of the laws, the Chapels are shut up until the Child be born, hundreds are flocking to the standard every day.

I rely upon your impartiality for the insertion of this. As for the man's departure from the person who first took him in, it was through no unkind usage, as the writer of this, being the identical person, knows. At the time when he went away, every body thought him to be returned home. I am, Sir, yours, A VOTARY OF TRUTH.

Whether a Votary of Mrs. Southcott or not, is left to the sagacity of your readers to find out; perhaps I am, but what then?—I am not mad, most noble Brutus: No, not mad.

Westminster-road, Oct. 6, 1814.

COMMON-PLACES, *No. I.*

ON RELIGIOUS HYPOCRISY.

RELIGION either makes men wise and virtuous, or it makes them set up false pretences to both. In the latter case, it makes them less hypocrites to others than to themselves. Religion is, in common minds, inconsistent with self-knowledge. The consciousness of the presence of an all-powerful being, who is both the witness and judge of every thought, word, and action, where it does not produce its proper effect, forces the religious man to practise every mode of deceit upon himself with respect to his real character and motives; for it is only by being wilfully blind to his own faults that he can suppose they will escape the eye of omniscience. The whole business of a religious man's life, therefore, where it does not conform to the strict line of his duty, may be said to be to gloss over his errors to himself, and to invent a thousand shifts and palliations, in order to hoodwink the Almighty. While he is sensible of his own delinquency, he knows that it cannot escape the penetration of his invisible Judge, and the distant penalty annexed to every offence, though not sufficient to make him desist from the commission of it, will not suffer him to rest easy till he has made some compromise with his own conscience as to his motives for committing it. As far as relates to this world, a cunning knave may take a pride in the imposition he practices upon others; and instead of striving to conceal his true character from himself, may chuckle with inward satisfaction at the folly of those who are not wise enough to detect it. "But 'tis not so above." This shallow, skin-deep hypocrisy will not serve the turn of the religious devotee, who is "compelled to give in evidence" against himself, and who must first become the dupe of his own imposture, before he can flatter himself with the hope of concealment, as children hide their eyes with their hands, and fancy that no one can see them.—Religious people often pray very heartily for the forgiveness of "a multitude of trespasses and sins," as a mark of their humility, but I never knew them admit any one fault in particular, or acknowledge themselves in the wrong in any instance whatever. The natural jealousy of self-love is in them heightened by the fear of damnation, and they plead *Not Guilty* to every charge brought against them with all the conscious terrors of a criminal at the bar.

It is for this reason that the greatest hypocrites in the world are religious hypocrites.

This quality, as it has sometimes been found united with the clerical character, is known by the name of *Priestcraft*. The Ministers of Religion are perhaps more liable to this vice than any other class of people. They are obliged to assume a greater degree of sanctity, though they have it not, and to screw themselves up to an unnatural pitch of severity and self-denial. They must keep a constant guard over themselves, have an eye always to their own persons, never relax in their pretensions, nor give the least scope to their inclinations. A single slip, if discovered, may be

fatal to them. Their influence and superiority depend on their professions of virtue and piety; and they are tempted to draw liberally on the funds of credulity and ignorance. All this cannot be very friendly to downright simplicity of character. Besides, they are the involuntary dupes of their situation. They are so accustomed to inveigh against the vices of others, that they naturally forget that they have any of their own to correct. They see vice as an object always out of themselves, with which they have no other concern than to point out and stigmatise it. They are only reminded of it *in the third person.* They as naturally associate sin and its consequences with their flocks as a schoolmaster associates a false concord and flogging with his scholars. If I may so express it, they serve as conductors to the lightning of divine indignation, and have only to point the thunders of the law at others. They identify themselves with that perfect system of faith and morals, of which they are the professed teachers, and regard any imputation on their conduct as an indirect attack on the function to which they belong, or as compromising the authority under which they act. It is only the head of the Popish Church who assumes the title of God's vicegerent upon earth: but the feeling is quite common to all the oracular interpreters of the will of Heaven—from the successor of St. Peter down to the simple, unassuming Quaker, who, disclaiming the imposing authority of title and office, yet fancies himself the immediate organ of a preternatural impulse, and affects to speak only as the spirit moves him.

There is another way in which the formal profession of religion aids hypocrisy by erecting a secret tribunal, to which those who pretend to a more than ordinary share of it can (in case of need) appeal from the judgments of men. The religious impostor, reduced to his last shift, and having no other way left to avoid the most "open and apparent shame," rejects the fallible decisions of the world, and thanks God that there is one who knows the heart. He is amenable to a higher jurisdiction, and while all is well with Heaven, he can pity the errors, and smile at the malice of his enemies. Whatever cuts men off from their dependence on common opinion or obvious appearances, must open a door to evasion and cunning, by setting up a standard of right and wrong in every one's own breast, of the truth of which nobody can judge but the person himself. There are some fine instances in the old plays and novels (the best commentaries on human nature) of the effect of this principle, in giving the last finishing to the character of duplicity. Miss Harris, in Fielding's *Amelia*, is one of the most striking. *Tartuffe* is another instance of the facility with which it may be perverted to the purposes of the most flagrant hypocrisy. It is an impenetrable fastness, to which this worthy person, like so many others, retires without the fear of pursuit. It is an additional disguise, in which he wraps himself up like a cloak. It is a stalking-horse, which is ready on all occasions—an invisible conscience, which goes about with him—his good genius, that is surety for him in all difficulties—swears to the purity of his motives—extricates him out of the most desperate circumstances—baffles detection, and furnishes a plea, to which there is no answer.

The same kind of reasoning may account for the old remark, that persons who are stigmatised as non-conformists to the established religion, Jews, Presbyterians, &c. are more disposed to this vice than their neighbours. They are inured to the contempt of the world, and steeled against its prejudices: and the same indifference, which fortifies them against the unjust censures of mankind, may be converted, as occasion requires, into a screen for the most pitiful conduct. They have no real sympathy with others, and therefore no sincerity in their intercourse with them. The necessity of concealment, in the first instance, also produces the habit.

Hypocrisy, as it is connected with cowardice, seems to imply weakness and ill health. The impudence and insensibility which belong to it ought to suppose robustness of constitution. There is certainly a very successful and formidable class of sturdy, jolly, able-bodied hypocrites, the Friar Johns of the profession. Raphael has made Elymas, the sorcerer, a man of a hard iron visage, and large uncouth figure, made up of bones and muscles, as one not troubled with weak nerves or idle scruples—as one who repelled all sympathy with others—who was not to be jostled out of his course by their censures or suspicions—and who could break with ease through the cobweb snares which he had laid for the credulity of others, without being once entangled in his own delusions. His outward form betrays the hard, unimaginative, self-willed understanding of the sorcerer.

THE FUNDS—COMMERCE, &c.

Mr. Examiner,—The gradual decline of the Funds ought not to create surprise, for when the state of our Commerce, the sales of foreign property, the numerous emigrations to the Continent, and the continuation of the American War, are seriously considered, it is surprising the Stocks maintain so high a value.

The prosecution of the contest for these last ten years may in a great degree be attributed to the high credit the English Merchants bore on the Continent.

England, from her naval power, was safe from invasion, and the remittances from Foreigners gave our Merchants a command of money hitherto unknown; and the concentration of the spare cash of individuals, *by the system of banking being so extended*, has afforded incalculable support to the money market; hence a spirit of speculation has been maintained hardly to be conceived. The Funds have been advanced to an unnatural value, and Ministers enabled to raise Loans, to largely subsidize *any Power* that appeared hostile to France.

But the time is arrived when Germans, Dutchmen, Spaniards, *no longer alarmed* at the probability of invasion from France, and the French emigrants apparently safely settled under their ancient dynasty, will cause their property to be removed from *England*; and *that* a great removal has already taken place, the advance in the French Funds will verify.

Much foreign property yet remains in the English Funds, waiting *for some sudden temporary rise*, that the owners may take advantage of it; but it is a matter of much doubt whether any advance can take place for a length of time; for the weight of our National Debt—extreme taxation—provisions three times dearer in England than in France (which induces numerous emigrations)—our engagements in subsidies—and our late foes, though humbled, are not subdued, but exhibit the same feverish emulation, are not pleasing truths to *those* who are speculating for an advance of the Funds.

The continuation of hostilities with America must lead to very *heavy* expenditure; and in the last contest with the Americans, the three per cent. consols declined to 54*l.* when the National Debt did not exceed last year's expenditure.

With regard to our commerce, we may certainly be said to have arrived at the summit of our greatness, and *this* would have been the case under any circumstances: perhaps it signifies little (save the deluges of human blood sacrificed) whether we are at peace or war;—indeed, in a commercial point of view, it is much doubted whether the *latter* was not the most advantageous.

What the Combined Powers of the Continent could not accomplish by force of arms, they will strive hard to do by force of rivalry. It was England's naval preponderance in war which gave her the commercial monopoly of the world,—but how is this to serve her in peace? She must now be content to share trade with nations who have long envied and sighed for a participation of her commerce.—She may still for a short time stand first; but she has completed her revolution.

"Holland was great before her, but less brilliant." There is a point of perfection in all things—beyond which it is impossible to proceed.

When our commercial importance is brought down to a level with *other Powers*, the same equilibrium which will make them comparatively great, will alike make us "poor indeed."

We ought not to cry out against the extravagance of our Exchequer, and the great weight of the National Debt. We are an extravagant people. If we are to be ruined, we have all contributed to it. Each gradation in society has strived to supply its quota.

There has long been a spirit of rivalry from the Prince to the Peasant; and if we are brought back to a more natural value, and lament the change, we must attribute it as much to our individual as to our national prodigality.

J. H. S.

Since writing the above, the Funds have advanced considerably; but I see no reason to alter a single sentence, as the advance, proceeding from *desperate speculation*, will *benefit Foreigners*, and *ultimately prove of serious* injury to our country.

THE IRISH CATHOLICS.

London, Oct. 6, 1814.

Mr. Examiner,—As Parliament is to meet very early in next month for the dispatch of business, I cannot refrain from expressing publicly, through the medium of your Paper, an earnest wish, that one of the first subjects which will engage its attention will be the just claims of the Catholics of Ireland.

You will readily imagine I do not mean a mere discussion of the question, that the eloquent part of either House of Parliament may have a plausible opportunity of displaying their elocution, but that the consideration of it may now be resumed for the great purpose of finally settling it, in a mode that will prove satisfactory to Ireland, acceptable to this country, and advantageous to both.

As a true friend to that respectable class* of my fellow-subjects, whose interests will be most materially affected by the adjustment to which I allude, I beg to congratulate them that the circumstances of the world at present are so peculiarly favourable to the full attainment of that object, of which they have so often been disappointed, even at a period when their hopes had the fairest prospect of completion.

A Protestant.

* The Roman Catholics of Ireland.

NEW HACKNEY COACH ACT.

A Correspondent observes, that "under the Queen-square Police Intelligence, in the *Times*, a few days since, it is observed that Mr. Hatchett, of Piccadilly, was the framer of this Act; that the ticket system is a licence to the men to rob their Masters to a greater extent than ever; that the Bill was taken into the House by two or three individuals, who knew nothing of Hackney-Coach business, without any previous consultation with the Coachmasters; and that it was pushed through Parliament with unusual quickness. The best part of this is incorrect. Mr. H., it is true, suggested the principle of the ticket system (as it is called) to the Hackney Coach Commissioners, which they immediately adopted; but he had nothing to do with the framing the Bill, nor did he see it until after the second reading, when finding that the Masters and Coachmens' names were not required to be on the tickets, he contrived to arrest its progress to remove that defect: but the grand defect or rather absurdity of framing enactments without penalties was not discovered till after the Bill was passed: had the Coachman been subjected to a moderate penalty for not delivering tickets without demand, and a greater for refusing to deliver the same upon demand, the Act would not have operated as a licence to the men to rob their Masters; but as a protection to the Masters against such robbery, and to the Public against imposition, and by adopting the suggestion mentioned in the *Examiner* a Sunday or two ago, would certainly be the most beneficial Act that was ever past on the subject. That it is not so as it stands is not attributable to Mr. Hatchett, the father, but to the false conception and malformation of its mother; nothing less could have produced the clause which provides, "that no redress shall be had under any laws relating to Hackney-Coaches for exaction, misbehaviour, or other offence, unless the complainant produce one or more tickets which he has received, or might or ought to have received, by virtue of the Act," but which the offender may withhold without penalty. The common sense of the Magistrates, before whom the first complaint was brought under the Act by Mr. H. himself, could see no way of getting over the clear import and meaning of this clause, and dismissed the complaint accordingly. Mr. Fielding, however, has learnedly decided, that upon the true construction of the clause, if a complainant appears without a ticket, which he might or ought to have received, it is a good production of the ticket within the Act, and that he is entitled to the remedies of the former laws relative to Hackney Coaches; so there is one law at Bow-street, and another at Queen-square; and under the same Act of Parliament, a man at Queen-square is sent to Newgate, and at Bow-street about his business. Such an anomaly must be removed by a higher authority, it is apprehended, than the Hackney-Coach Commissioners. Mr. H. has evinced great spirit and perseverance in his endeavours to enforce the observance of the Act, but it is altogether so weak and ineffectual, that no exertion of his will make it answer the ends he proposed; he is nevertheless entitled to commendation as a public spirited person, to whom the public are indebted for the introduction of the ticket-system (as it is contemptuously called) into the Porters' Act, where it has answered the purpose fully; as will the ticket system in the Hackney-Coach Act when the Act is made in aid of the tickets, and divested of its present absurdities. Mr. F. will then perhaps have some respect for it: his surprising construction restores the operation of the old Acts, but leaves the new one little better than a nullity, and the ticket system still to be tried by effectual enactments and sufficient penalties, not of ten or twenty shillings, which the coachman can levy on his Master or the public in a few hours after he has paid it; and it is to be hoped the next Act will be plain and simple, affording no

room for learned constructions. It may be very ingenious in a Lawyer, upon some abstruse legal reasons unknown to mankind in general, to discover a meaning in an Act of Parliament directly contrary to the plain English of the words; but it must be confessed that the exercise of such talents is extremely dangerous to the liberty and property of the public."

BANKRUPT SYSTEM.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD ELDON, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, &c. &c. &c.

My Lord,—Still unrelieved from my arduous situation, and no immediate prospect open, I can pursue my duty only in the present way. It will take some weight off my mind, and perhaps convince the public I am not acting upon frivolous or vexatious grounds, if I openly submit to your Lordship some high Legal Authorities, in justification of the measures I have adopted.

Copy of a Letter from J. J. Lockhart, Esq. M.P. for Oxford.

"Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your treatise, as well as for the honour you do me in addressing it to me;—the principle on which persons becoming Bankrupt are totally divested of their property is a general one, and not only not applicable, but injurious also to many such Estates and Creditors. The great defect in this system is the generality of its provisions and a lazy indifference to discrimination, punishing the good and the bad almost equally, as well as rewarding them in the same proportion for circumstances, which may be virtue in one man and crime in another. I think an improvement might be made by continuing the management of his own affairs in the hands of an honest Bankrupt, he giving or finding security; but a fraudulent Bankrupt has no title to any future confidence. I shall be happy to see you when next the Parliament meets, and, if I can be of any service to you, shall be very happy to render my assistance to you. I am, Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant, (Signed) J. J. Lockhart. Tubney, 31 Aug. 1813.—(Addressed Mr. E. Townsend, &c. &c.)"

I felt much flattered by this polite and kind letter, and was very handsomely received in some subsequent interviews in town, and promised that my case should be mentioned in Parliament; but it unhappily *somehow* transpired to this good gentleman afterwards, that one of the Commissioners in my matter was his *most intimate and particular* friend! *All the latter part of this kind letter, and subsequent professions, hence became a nullity!!!*

My Lord, I will not presume, dare not, to observe farther upon this extremely tender point: it would sensibly affect me, if I could think that my best intentions had been instrumental to the postponement, for a whole parliamentary session, of a measure of such importance in this commercial country (not to speak of its moral effect) as a just administration of the Bankrupt Laws.

I will take the liberty to quote a letter I received from an eminent and highly respectable Gentleman at the Bar, and who has great practice as a Commissioner of Bankruptcies, whom I found at Bath:—

"Sir,—My absence from home has prevented me from noticing the receipt of your parcel, inclosing the case of your bankruptcy, &c. before. I am very fully aware of the justice of many of your observations as to the manner in which the laws relating to that subject are administered in London. I hope Mr. Lockhart will bring the matter again before Parliament, and that such steps may take place as will correct the abuses complained of. *I have no doubt they may be all prevented by the Lord Chancellor, if his Lordship would please to interfere and make regulations to that effect.* I have corresponded with Mr. Lockhart on this subject, &c.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant."—(*As this Gentleman's name is not before the public on this subject, my great respect for him should restrain me from giving it here*)—"Dec. 30, 1813." (*addressed* "Mr. Townsend, Christopher Inn.")

I have perchance, my Lord, put my hand upon a little book containing a speech attributed to my Lord Erskine. It says—"Where a Statute spoke a clear, plain, unambiguous language, the people had a right to the protection of its letter. The Parliament might repeal it; but whilst it was a Statute, neither the King, Lords, or Commons, or all of them, had any dominion over it." It concludes—"Nothing could ever secure contentment and happiness in this country, but THE PROTECTION AND DOMINION OF THE LAW."

The thing, my Lord, which I complain of, and am so anxious to impress upon your Lordship's notice is—a suspension or abatement of THE LAW OF THE LAND in my case, to the great injury of myself and creditors, and to the establishment of a bad precedent, by an unjust appropriation of property, and a violation of the clear principle of all laws—*the defining and protecting the personal rights and property of individuals.*

It will not become me to make personal remarks upon what has transpired in this case; the whole of it and its bearings are before your Lordship, and the remedy is obvious! I shall take leave of the subject at present, till (if it may please God) I may be enabled to renew it in a manner less liable to evasion. In the mean time it is my intention to furnish the different Editors of the London Newspapers with copies of this Address, that, if it is their pleasure to give it publicity (which is a main prop of justice in our country, and terror of wrong-doing) I may have the private satisfaction of reflecting that I have pursued what I have conceived it to be my duty in society, with an ardour and perseverance, I trust, not unbecoming the character of an honest man and an Englishman.

I have now only to apologize for the very unusual manner in which I have presumed to address your Lordship at different times. Your Lordship will perceive that the consideration of my duty in society is paramount to every other whatever; and *that* will say every thing for me. I remain, with due deference, my Lord, your Lordship's devoted servant,

Chalton street, EDMUND TOWNSEND.
Somers' Town, Oct. 6, 1814.

POLICE.

HATTON-GARDEN.

On Monday, *James George Semple Lisle* was finally examined on the charge of having received a travelling folio, and a thread case, the property of John Miller, a pocket-book maker, Bartholomew-close, under a false pretence, saying he belonged to Messrs. Hardness and Mentz, of Wapping. A young man belonging to that house proved the prisoner was unknown to them, and that they had not ordered the articles. The prisoner was committed for trial.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

Anthony alias *Captain Swinton* is under examination at this office, charged with fraudulently obtaining and feloniously disposing of a gold watch, the property of Mrs. Larkins.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Murder.—On Tuesday afternoon, a most atrocious murder was committed on Elizabeth Dobbins, a poor washerwoman, residing at Millfield Farm, Millfield-lane, Kentish-town. About three o'clock, James Dobbins, the husband of the deceased, and a turncock of St. Pancras, returned home from his work. On entering a room on the ground floor, he discovered his wife lying on the floor; at a short distance from her he perceived a kitchen poker, which was considerably bent, and covered with blood, having evidently been the instrument with which the wound on his wife had been inflicted. The wretched man immediately lifted up his wife, and placed her on a chair. On examining her head, he found it laid open from her right eye to the back; the skull fractured dreadfully. Life was still remaining, but little hopes of recovery could be entertained. He went out to procure assistance, and found a man in the custody of James Ceel, from whom he learnt they had taken him in a field near the spot, belonging to Mr. Thomas Greenwood, on suspicion of having stolen two bundles which he had in his possession. Dobbins communicated the horrible

scene he had discovered in his own house, and it was concluded that the prisoner was the murderer. They conveyed him before Mr. Ivans, magistrate, in Kentish town, who investigated the circumstances.—*James Ceel* deposed, that as he was at work at a new well, sinking in Millfield-lane, he saw prisoner pass him with a bundle under his arm, with which he crossed the foot of Highgate-hill into Mr. Greenwood's field. Suspecting from the cautious mode of his proceeding, that he had not obtained the property honestly, he followed him, and on coming up to him, he found him examining the bundle, which appeared to contain wearing apparel. He asked him how he had come by them, and he said he had bought them of a gipsey for 9s. Not satisfied with this account, he took him into custody, and was conducting him towards the road, when Dobbins met them, and informed the witness of the murder of his wife. Dobbins then examined the bundle, and perceived that it contained clothes which his wife had received to wash.—*Elizabeth Jones* deposed, that she had washed for the deceased part of the clothes contained in the bundle found on the prisoner.—*Thomas Oliver*, of the Bull and Last public-house, deposed, that two shirts, which were found in the bundle, were his, and had been sent to the deceased by him for the purpose of being washed. In the bundle was also found a bill of clothes washed, which was in the hand-writing of the deceased.—*George Hemming*, an assistant to Mr. Sandys, surgeon, in Kentish-town, deposed, that having heard of the catastrophe, he went to the premises of the deceased, and examined the wound. She was quite dead, and he had no doubt her death was occasioned by a blow from the poker found by her husband on the floor, or some such weapon.—*Mr. M. Vizier*, who had also examined the deceased, corroborated this testimony, and produced three pieces of the skull, and also the poker, which was bent and bloody. The prisoner having been previously searched, the contents of his pockets were produced; they consisted of a tobacco-box, and a discharge from his Majesty's ship the Gladiator, at Portsmouth, of a man named Thomas Sharp, describing him at 5 feet 2 inches and a half high, of a light complexion, and with a mole upon his right cheek. The prisoner on hearing this part of the charge read, said his name was *Thomas Sharp*, and pointed out the mole; he neither denied nor affirmed his guilt. Mr. Ivers, under all the circumstances, considered there was little doubt of the prisoner's guilt, committed him to Coldbath-fields prison. The prisoner was dressed in a fustian jacket; he was bound with ropes, and guarded by the constables and the person by whom he was apprehended to the place of his confinement.—The offender is said to be a native of Layton, in Essex. He has been long known to the Police Officers as a notorious character, and was only last Sessions discharged from the New Prison, Clerkenwell, where he had been confined twelve months for a riot. When his time had expired, and he had obtained his discharge, he observed to the turnkey, that when he did any thing again, he would do it capitally. Reid, sen. of Hatton-garden, immediately recognised him, when he confessed to him, that after he had committed the murder, he was going on his journey to London, but seeing him, he crossed the fields, where he was taken by Ceel, the bricklayer. He gave up the jacket he had on when he committed the murder to Reid; it is sprinkled over with the blood of the deceased.

Murder in St. George's in the East.—At an Inquest held on the body of Barney Shields, a watchman, the facts of the case appeared to be as follow:—Thursday se'nnight, about 11 o'clock, a dispute arose in King-street, between an Irishman and a watchman, named Jervis, who immediately sprang his rattle. The alarm brought together several watchmen, and about 60 Irishmen, who shortly after provided themselves with bludgeons; the watchmen attempted to take some of the most violent into custody, which produced a battle. *Nolan* stated, that he saw one of the Irishmen strike the deceased with a bludgeon, and heard him afterwards mention his name; but he could not recollect it, and should not know the man again. *John Carl* saw a person strike the deceased, while he was lying in the kennel and crying out for mercy. Carl was afterwards with the deceased at the watch-house, and heard him say that the man in his shirt sleeves was William Harney, and that he was the man who had butchered him; witness was confident that the person who struck the deceased was not William Harney.—The Coroner said, the declarations of the deceased were not evidence, unless he considered himself in dying circumstances.—Verdict, *Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.*

An elderly Gentleman, residing at Camberwell, was stopped by a single footpad, on Friday week in the evening, in Maiden-lane, near Highgate, who presented a pistol to his breast, and demanded his money in a tremulous tone. The dusk of the evening had approached, and the gentleman was just enabled to ascertain that the robber, who wore a crape over his face, was not a very old offender: he told him to take away his pistol, promising to conform to his wishes. The robber complied, and waited patiently while he slowly unbuttoned his two coats, and fumbled in his pockets. By this time two men approached. This circumstance, however, did not seem to attract the notice of the footpad, who stood passively at the head of the horse, as if absorbed in thought. The old gentleman took advantage of this circumstance, and calling to the men for assistance, they secured the robber, and conveyed him to a public-house near the spot. He suffered himself to be disarmed without speaking a word. Upon their attempting to remove the crape from his face, he seemed much disturbed, and endeavoured to prevent them. They effected it, however, and to the surprise of the accuser, he recognised his own nephew. The exclamation of both parties, at the moment, disclosed this secret; and an explanation followed, which ended in the discharge of the men who had assisted in securing the offender, and an arrangement which, no doubt, proved satisfactory to the young man, who seemed deeply affected at his situation.—*Globe.*

On Friday morning, William Bull, son of a respectable baker, residing in High-street, Bloomsbury, whilst cleaning the front windows of his father's shop, the ladder, owing to the moisture of the flags, gave way, and shocking to relate, he fell upon some large spikes, which penetrated his body so far that he was with difficulty extricated. He then ran towards Dr. Vincent's, which is about twenty yards distant; but in the attempt fell prostrate on his back, and instantly expired.

MARRIAGE.

On the 27th ult. M. Gutteres, Esq. of Spanish Town, Jamaica, to Rebecca, the 5th daughter of J. B. Lousada, Esq. of Devonshire-square.

DEATHS.

On the 1st inst. in the 51st year of her age, Mary, the wife of John Thornborrow, Esq. of Han's-place, Sloane-street, much regretted by her numerous friends and acquaintances. She was an affectionate wife, sincere friend, and kind benefactress.

On the 3d inst. Richard Baily, Esq. banker of Newberry, Berks.

On Monday last, at Highgate, Mrs. Eleanor Millikin, late of Chandos-street, Covent-Garden, aged 28 years. "Her death (says a Correspondent) was occasioned by a fall she received during the late severe winter, when advanced in pregnancy, which brought on a premature labour, the effect of which threw her into a violent consumption. Her gentle, sympathising heart—her anxious solicitude for the welfare of her relatives and friends—her very prominent domestic virtues,—added to the meek and patient resignation with which she bore her truly distressing affliction, will make a lasting impression upon the memory of her numerous friends and relations, who sincerely deplore her loss."

On Tuesday last, at Watford, Denham Barons, Esq. aged 49, sincerely lamented by his relatives and friends.

On the 22d September, at Manheim, his Highness Henry, 43d Prince of Reus-Plauen, aged 62.

Printed and published by John Hunt, at the Examiner Office, 21, Maiden-Lane, Covent-Garden.—Price 9½d.